

A
P O E M,
O N T H E
D E A T H
O F
Our Late Sovereign Lady
Queen MARY.

By C. Cibber.

Tantæne animis Cœlestibus Iræ ? Virg. Æn.

L O N D O N,
Printed for John Whitlock, near
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A
P O E M

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TO THE

Printed for John Widdowes, Stationer, Hall, M.D.C.C.

To the Most Illustrious

W I L L I A M

Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of
Hartington, Baron of Hardwick, Lord
Lieutenant of the County of Darby, Lord
High Steward of his Majesties House-
hold, One of his Majesties Most Honou-
rable Privy-Council, and Knight of the
Most Noble Order of the Garter.

May it please your Grace,

THE succeeding Peice, tho' it be my
first attempt in Poetry, never gave
me the usual Pain, and Cow-
ardice of a Young Beginner: For I knew my
Reputation was as safe under the Protection

A

of

()
of so Great a Name, as my Person under your
~~successful Conduct at the time of Her Majesty's~~
happy Landing, to secure (what Hav'n, and
Nature both oblige us to Defend) our
Lives, and Liberties,

Then might be seen the Trust, which ev'n
Almighty Providence reposed in you, when to
your watchful Care it recommended the endan-
ger'd Person of the Apparent Heir to her Late
Majesties Crown, and Virtues : to such a Care
as made the Thoughts of Danger Vanish. For
when the Nation was Alarm'd with Threat-
ning Massacres, She by your Sword was, like the
Forbidden Fruit, defended, while her Faithless
and unthinking Foes were driven from Pa-
radice.

And

And tho' this Glorious Undertaking was
attended with an Undaunted Courage, yet it
succeeded in a Bloodless Feild; and if to save
Mankind be more a God-like Virtue, than to De-
stroy, Then sure the Lawrels you have so ac-
quir'd are more Durable, than were they dy'd in
Crimson.

Here I must restrain my forward Fancy,
that will attempt those Truths it ne're can finish:
But 'tis the Fate of Creatines, to have her
Picture Common, and undertook by every Dawber,
from which number I dare not exempt my self:
But if I have any merit, 'tis that I have
too well studied your Graces Perfections, to
think my Genius capable of their Portraiture,

while

while the greatest Justice I can do them is in my silent Admiration.

The same reason, I confess, ought to have deterr'd me from my following Presumption ; But That's a Crime, which I can never repent of, since at the same time it gives me an Opportunity of declaring that Respect, and sincerity, wherewith I really am

Your Graces Most Devoted,

and Most Humble Servant,

Colley Cibber,

A
POEM, &c.

TUn'd to the solemn strains of general Woe,
 Do thou my Muse thy Pious sorrow show,
 And let the mighty Consternation prove,
 That Grief, tho' Cold, as much of Heat may move,
 As the first Raptures of aspiring Love.

Hark! how the dismal Trump of busie Fame—
 Does to the worlds unwilling ears proclaim
 Our Royal Mistresses lamented Fate,
 And Deaths proud Triumph o'er the Just, and Great;
 Not the Dread Call of Heaven at the last Day,
 When Souls unsentenc'd shou'd for Judgment stay,
 Could more amazing Terror then infuse,
 Than *Europe* shook with, at the wounding News :

Fate by this unexpected loss has shown,
 The force of Grief before was never known ;
 Ev'n Envy that Injurious Hypocrit :
 That, at her Virtues Noon, affirm'd it Night,
 Now blind with gazing on her Lustre lies,
 And sheds her Praises at her wating Eyes :

Her murm'ring Foes, that thought themselves Opprest,
 Are now in undistinguish Sables Drest :
 For each Religion did its Faith enjoy,
 She One defended, but did none destroy,
 Unless to bring the day destruction be,
 When Bigotts wander in Obscurity :
 Thus, tho' to different Paths of Faith w'incline,
 Yet all Opinions in their Sorrow joyn :
 So Jarring Rivals, when the Fair one dyes,
 Like long lov'd friends embrace with weeping Eyes.

When Heav'n after the Universal Flood,
 With new-born Souls th' unpeopled world renew'd,

Her Brighter Spirit sure was kept above;
 As the best Pattern of Immortal Love,
 Yet, after Thousands of revolving Years,
 In frailer flesh th' Imprison'd Soul appears :
 But, as the Sun, till in the Western-Skies,
 Lets none behold him with undazl'd Eyes :
 So here on Earth her Virtues shone so bright,
 That none cou'd praise 'em, till they saw 'twas Night :
 She's Sett : Nor cou'd this Tedious life endure,
 (Too long a Penance for a Soul so Pure)
 Alas ! she long'd her first Abode to see,
 And mourn'd her *Absence* from *Divinity*,
 Grac't with her Fellow-Angels as she went,
 She rain'd her Virtues from the Firmament,
 And if a stream of Virtue's found below,
 It must from her the Boundless Ocean flow.

Now tho' the Sea supplies all Streams, that run,
 Yet that it self is guided by the Moon,
 So was her brighter Soul by strict Devotion.

So Constantly her Pious Vows she pay'd,
 So fixt her thoughts, that even in Dreams she Pray'd,
 So fast her wants her giving God reliev'd,
 Her Prayers were still but thanks for Gifts receiv'd :
 Her Faith unbounded gave her Reason Law,
 VVhen this commanded th' other stood in Awe :
 Religious Discord she might well prevent,
 For in *Example* she was *Argument*.

Her Fruitful Soul with Endless Virtue blest
 VVith Various Flowers was like a Garden drest,
 VVhere Choice stood unresolv'd which Scent was best,
 Alternate Odours still perfum'd the Air,
Occasion was the *Season* of the Year,
 VVhich like the Kind returning Spring reviv'd
 Each Good that slept ; for tho' it slept it liv'd,
 One *Tree* there was, which Cold and Frost cou'd bear,
 The *Bay Devotion* flourish'd all the Year.

But, as the Fruit alone commends the Tree,
 So did Her Virtues praise her Piety,
 Of which the Eldest-born was *Charity*.
 And this the Needy to their Comfort knew ;
 For, while She liv'd, They Charitable grew ;
 Heav'n did but lend the Sums it might bestow,
 And took Receipts for all it did allow ;
 For still She Intrest paid to th' Poor below ;
 And if their number did increas'd appear,
 Sometimes she from her private Wants wou'd spare,
 And Trusted Heav'n was in Debt to Her.

How many Parents have their Children sav'd
 From threatning Want by her sure Alms receiv'd ?
 What Tribes has she receiv'd from hands unknown,
 Which She with Joy Adopted, as her own ?

Methinks I see a Starving Mothers Grief,
 Strugling 'twixt Nature, and her Babes releif,

Unable to endure the Infants Cry,
 And yet it need less able to supply,
 At length she yields to hard Necessity.
 And must we part (She cry's) my Darling Joy ?
 Must Absence all our Harmless Love destroy ?
 Then sighing Kisses it, and hugs it close,
 And dreads to part but more her hopes to loose.
 Resolv'd, at last, she stops her flowing Eyes,
 And strait to Court unseen the Babe Conveys,
 Secure of Nourishment she leaves it there,
 And next day finds it in the Nurses Care.

Thus, least hereafter some shou'd want Relief,
 Her Early Pitty was preventative,
 The Old, who seem'd to pine in Cold Despair,
 Reviv'd their Hopes, and Crown'd 'em still in her :
 So when our Saviour the Diseas'd did Cure,
 He brought from Distant parts the Sick, and Poor,
 Who, by some Fam'd Physicians Art giv'n ore,
 Swell'd with new Hopes, now feel their Pains no more.

. At least with greater ease their ach endure,
 Half heal'd by Faith, er'e they can reach the Cure,
 And as in Tribes the new Beleivers came,
 The Dumb, the Lunatick, the Blind, and Lame,
 They Walkt, they Saw they Spoke, and prais'd his Name.

Ne're did a Life so short more Good produce,
 In which each Minute was of Double Use,
 So soon she Finisht her Appointed task,
 Her Virtue labour'd more, than Heav'n did ask.
 That when her hasty Soul arriv'd above,
 She did their equal Joys, and Wonder move,
 All knew the Place near Gods Right Hand was Hers;
 But thought it Vacant yet for several Years.

Now tho' her Charity did Boundless Reign,
 Yet not the Poor the Greatest Loss sustain :
 For She to many a Subsistence left,
 Tho' of The Foundress, not the Dole Bereft.

Our Grief alas ! yet rises in Degree,
 As those that mourn her do in Quality;
 Next to the Poor are those of Noble Arts,
 Which she encourag'd to their best Deserts :
Musick, and *Poetry*, not long agoe,
 Our Nations Pride, were almost Treason Now,
 But that they both our Tides of Grief can move,
 As well as heretofore our Joys, or Love.

At Court the Rising Flood of Pious Teares,
 Yet Greater still, (as does the Loss) appears,
 Where all like walking Ghosts, in Grief are seen,
 For a lost Friend, a Mother and a Queen.

But oh ! the Rapid Force, that sweeps away
 Great *Cæsars* Quiet, and his Chearful Day ?
 Now ! now ! my Muse: let loose thy Streams of Woe,
 Let 'em unbounded, as the Ocean flow,
 Swell with big Sighs the Raging Tempest high,
 Then mount, and ore the distant Danger fly,

And in thy Transient view, survey the Soul,
 VVhom all around the Angry Billows rowle,
 Behold the Shipwreck of our Monarchs Joy,
 VVhich Thirsty Death in Fields cou'd ne're Destroy:
 Thus Mariners the Seas Abroad o're come,
 Yet sink with all the Freight in sight of Home.

Why! why! Ye Pow'rs must Bleeding Majesty
 So vast a VVound receive from Destiny?
 Is't not enough to see a Nation Groan?
 But must the Loss be doubled on a Throne?
 VVhy did ye Gild with such a Glorious Sun
 His Happy life, and let it set so soon?
 The light, that slowly dies leaves sight behind:
 But, when 'tis snatcht away, it strikes us Blind;
 VVithout Regret we spare the Absent Day,
 Resting secure of his Returning Ray;
 But when for ever he resigns his Light,
 'Tis worse, than Death to live in such a Night,

In such a Night, who moves is sure to stray,
 In such a Night our Guide might loose his way,
 And tho' th' unguarded Flock shou'd quite be lost,
 The Shepard first is Hurt, and feels the Affliction most.
 Thus our Great Master in his Grief has shown,
 He lov'd the life Departed, as his own.

In vain, alas ! wou'd weak Philosophy
 Prescribe us Rules to Govern Passions by :
 For when a Joy of such Important weight
 Is taken out, Grief turns the Ballance strait,
 Reason but holds the Scales, and sits to see,
 The Joy remov'd, if it Proportion be :
 So tho' each Thought new sorrow shou'd Create,
 Twou'd be to what he lost but equal VWeight,
 And what he lost his Grievs alone Relate.

For what was ~~Obvious to each Common Eye~~
 Declar'd ~~more~~ ~~Virtues~~ ~~did in secret lyes~~

And

VWhich from the Darkned world were still, *conceal'd,*
 And to her Mourning Lord alone reveal'd,
 Tho' from her Orb she gave Promiscuous Light,
 Some shortned Raies He kept from Human sight,
 And only lets our Dazled Fancy Rove,
 To form the Virtues of her *Fruitful* Love,
 Tho' Heav'n no Off-spring from her Bed design'd,
 But Bad her Liv'e the *Phoenix* of her Kind,
 Her Love was *Fruitful* still: for love's i'th Mind. }
 Her Soul was Married to her Monarchs VWill,
 VWhich he cou'd scarce declare, she wou'd so soon fulfill,
 Desire of Pleasing, as the Child of Love,
 They Both, like Tender Parents, did approve,
 She more of Mothers fondness might express,
 He seldom sought it, but ne're lov'd it less.
 Had such a *Bride to Salomon* been given,
 He ne're had wander'd for his Amorous Heav'n,
 Her unexhausted Charms had fixt his Love,
 Nor cou'd a Change his Happiness improve.

So firm a Union Nature never made,
 In whom we had the sure Foundation laïd,
 Of a most Perfect, and Immortal Bliss,
 Till Death convinc'd our fancy'd Happiness,
 Fondly secure of their Eternal Sway.
 T' our selves we promis'd Everlasting Day:
 For, while so Bright their Godlike Virtues shone,
 Abroad His Courage, and Her Care at Home,
 What cou'd we think of such an Heavenly Pair,
 But they Immortal as their Actions were:
 For, till one dy'd, we thought that Heaven was here.

All the poor helpweak Reason can afford,
 To calm the sighs of her afflicted Lord,
 Is, when each Nation shall the News receive,
 As they the Loss, so they'll divide the grief:

Nay ev'n in *Louis* She must Nature stir,
 If not his Sorrow, yet at least his Fear,
 He Dreads, that Her's the Fate of *France* may prove,
 Knowing her Death our Monarchs Soul does move,
 Who by this loss secure from Greater Harms,
 His Foes regardless now may dare to Arms,
 And having nought, that more his mind can Load,
 He doubts will Double all his Rage Abroad.

Yet hold my Muse, thy wandering Wing retain,
 A mournful Thought now lures thee back again,
 When to the Restless Toiles of Horrid War
 Our King Inexorable shall repair,
 Whom shall he leave, our *Guardian Angel* Here?
 Or, when his Hard-fought Battles he has Won,
 VVhere shall he joyful throw his Lawrels down?
 VVhose Grateful Love his Conquests now shall Crown?

Secure of Late we spai'd our VVarlike Prince,
 E're our Domestick satty fled from Hence,
 Who, while Her Absent Hero led the War,
 Taught us the Pleasure of Obedience Here.

Yet let him go, and safe return with Spoile,
 Our Greif, alas! prevents a Civil B-öil,
 Whate're's Abroad, at Home it must be Peace,
 The Woes we feel Rebellion can't redress,
 We're Crush'd to Concord by our Miseries.

*Look down, Bright Saint from thine Ætherial Seat,
 And view the Pious Ruins of thy State,
 Assuage the Torrent of our Monarchs Woe,
 Which o're his Drowning Reason seems to Flow,
 Return the Hero's Part that reign'd in Thee,
 When thou in Smiles didst meet Mortality,
 Teach him thy Early Fate, like Thee, to bear,
 Nor let him Woman in his Greifs Appear,*

*Let Happy Dreams inform his Restless Mind,
 To what Advantage thou hast life resign'd,
 Give to his Joyful View thy Crowns of Bliss,
 And to his Thoughts restore their Wand'ring Peace,
 While to his Sorrows this Relieif is Giv'n,
 Has lost a Queen on Earth, and gain'd a Friend in Heav'n.*

F I N I S.